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HUSETTS SCHOOL OF ART

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MASSACHUSETTS SCHOOL OF ART

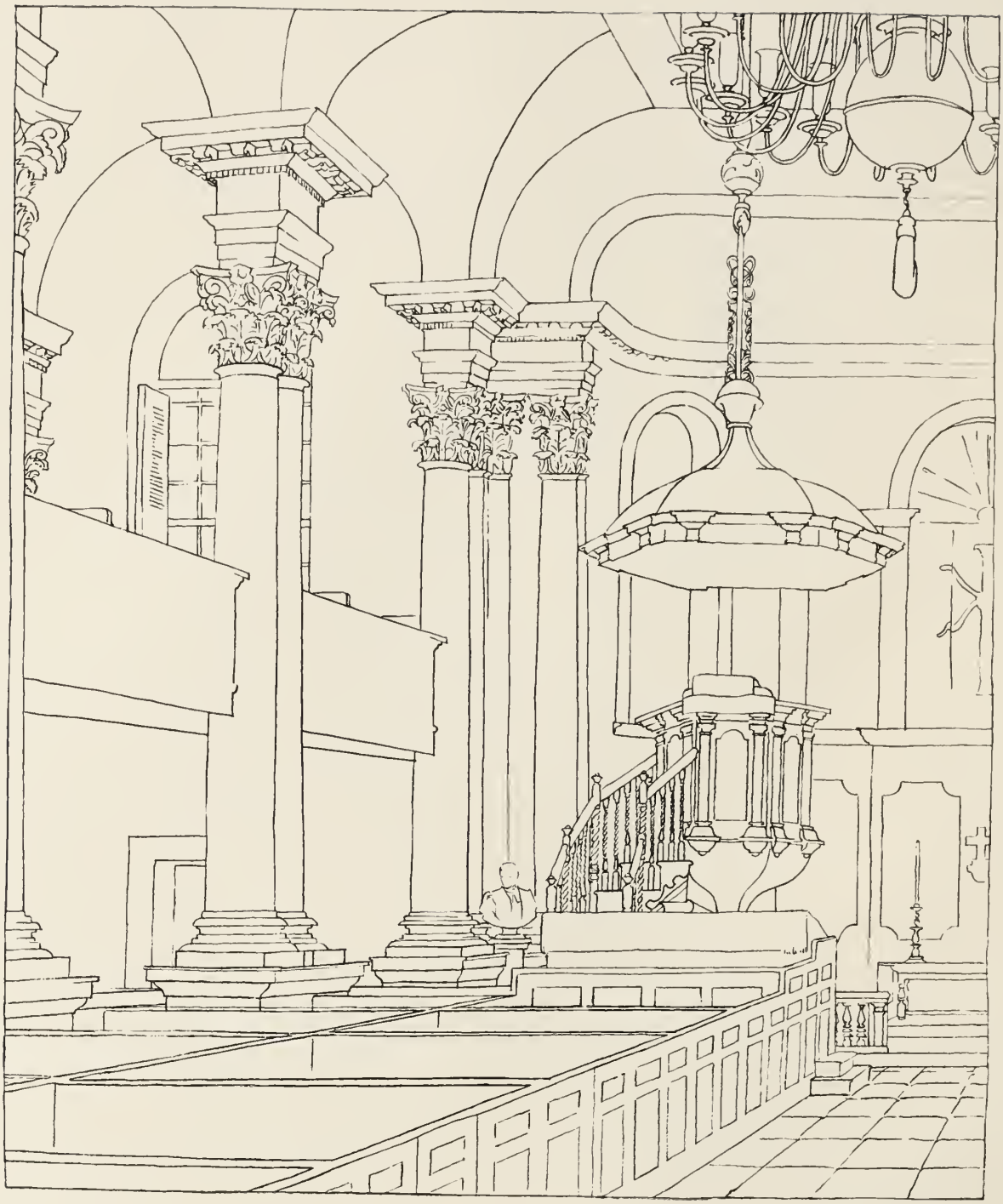
1937

Dedication

Buried deep within our school, closeted with weird creatures of wire and cotton-batting, surrounded by wonderful chests overflowing with spangles, velvets, and rich stuffs, costumes for every land, every fancy—prospective modistes are introduced to stitch, hem, and gusset. To the mistress of that fairyland of muslin and brocade, lady deft and charming,

Miss Martha Flint

we affectionately and gratefully dedicate this book.



King's Chapel

Marie MacDonnell

Churches of Boston

[SUSAN RICHERT]

KING'S CHAPEL. If King's Chapel could stand today as its architect drew it, the tower completed and the colonnade left off, it would be a typical colonial church, like the Park Street or the Old North, or like any of the white clapboarded elm-shaded meeting houses which raise their fragile spires to New England skies. But perhaps it is better as it is — grim and black and solid as a bank. For, so sheltered, the interior is all the more completely breathtaking.

A white church always seems something of a miracle. But this has a radiance of more than painted walls and unstained windows — the dazzling radiance of an 'inward and spiritual grace.' Obviously this church was not so much designed as inspired. Every detail has the mark of essential fitness — the delicate Corinthian columns, the canopied Governor's pew, the paneled pulpit with its winding stairs, the two altar candles, tall and white and steady; the church has a thousand ways to win your heart. And the sun, streaming in through the swirled glass of the deep-set windows, lies on the high box pews and the stone flagged floor as once it caressed Washington, decorous in black velvet; as it touched broad-shouldered Oliver Wendell Holmes. Their way of life has long since passed, but it lingers on here where they sat, where time stands still, dreaming in the late afternoon sunshine.

Close outside are the thick clustered stones of the burying ground. It was in the first year of the town's settlement that Isaac Johnson bought this ground and hurried down to Salem to comfort his frail pretty wife with plans for their new home which should be as much like the one she had left in England as he could make it. But when he came again from Boston, Lady Arbella lay buried in Salem. A few months later Johnson himself died and was buried at his own request "in the spot I had marked out for our house." And after him came many others — gentle John Winthrop, fiery John Cotton, unsung William Dawes, and, more immortal than any of these, Elizabeth Pain, who wore on her breast, wherever she went,

the scarlet letter of her shame. For she was the original of Hester Prynne. No solacing verses, no lyres or urns or weeping willows lighten these gravestones. They are decorated with the winged skulls and dancing skeletons of a stern, hard-headed day.

ST. CLEMENT'S. The delicately carved and encrusted tower of St. Clement's holds itself aloof in the midst of apartments, warehouses, and raucous traffic. The birds understand its serenity of spirit and fly in and out familiarly. And far below the door stands open to the street, wide-flung, as if to say, "Behold, I have set before thee an open door."

St. Clement's is spiritually an ancient abbey or a monastery chapel, though it is not old. When the facile electric lights are snapped on, the spell is broken, the floor is obviously imitation-tiled, the stone walls are only surfaced cement, and the place is a fraud. But, half-dark, the church has miraculously the spirit of the Gothic. Sharply contrasted with the resplendent sunshine of the street, it is cool and dark as a cave inside. The high arches fade out and disappear as the eye strains after them. All the lines of the church, long and straight, slim and tall, accent its personality. The stained windows, uniform and impersonal, are all that relieve the stone walls. Sometimes the sun falls across them, sweetening and warming their cold blues and reds and greens. The church stands like a rock of ages, heedless of the weak humanity that walks about inside and around it; it is strong with all the high strength of independence and austerity. Near the door the gray walls are lighted, but gradually they show darker and darker, until the farther end of the church is quite black. The tapestry behind the altar shines mystically from the depths of the shadow, and the candles make faint glittering points in the gloom. This is a refuge from the world, sacred and inviolable — secure as ever Notre Dame that memorable day when at high noon the hunchback snatched the gypsy girl from under the sword of the executioner, leaped into the church, and shouted in one tremendous voice with the crowd of Paris, "Sanctuary!"

AFRICAN METHODIST EPISCOPAL. Churches differ as any personalities. Some are at their best when they are empty, some are less restrained in the presence of a few worshippers, and some should be visited during a service. The African Methodist Episcopal is one of these last. Outside, the red brick building stands flat and nondescript and self-contained; inside it is harsh and ugly and worn. Only when the people come in does it wake to amazing life. It lives only one day a week, but how it lives that one day! The people crowd in, thronging and jostling, to fill the big church in no time — tall bucks, broad capacious women, shrunken old men, and lanky children. And the place resounds with their shrill greetings, their hearty singing, and their deep abiding laughter.

Sometimes during the service we catch a glimpse, in the parted lips and wide rolling eyes, of the gorgeous pageant of glittering angels and shadowy devils they see, of the wonder and the hope and the delicious fear they feel. But it seems no more than an interlude — the sociability's the thing. And they lean forward to whisper and nod and wait impatiently for the end of the service when they can burst forth again untrammeled, gather in groups and shout greetings, and giggle replies and shake hands. They shake hands with everyone, two and three times around. One of the women appointed to greet strangers found us and shook hands with a strong whole-hearted grip. Eyes shining and teeth gleaming, she said the most simple gracious words we have heard in any church, "Thank you for helping us worship."

TRINITY. Guide books to Boston like to speak superciliously of Trinity as a thing out of style and therefore better dead. Built in mid-Victorian days and esteemed then, it is now understood, they say, to be heavy, rambling, and over-ornamented. We cannot well defend it against them. All that they say of it is true enough, but we happen to like it that way.

Trinity is usually considered a memorial to Phillips Brooks, its genius and inspiration;

but, more objectively, it does honor to all those tireless humble men who made with their hands beautiful things to be set in its high places. They spent years of patient love and labor on a tiny part of the church's crowded decoration, never caring whether any one would stop to decipher the detail of a stained window or examine the intricacy of a wood-carving, or even that no one could ever see many of the paintings inside the high tower. From the massive outer porch to the cross on the altar there is no single thing in the church which has not been lavishly enriched and elaborated. And, as a church should be, it is still unfinished. There is always a little room left, enough for a tablet, a bust, a memorial chair. Trinity will never have the sheer impressiveness of unity, but it must always have the warmth of individuality.

And, for all its aura of Phillips Brooks, its massiveness and its richness, for all that stern Art and Science face it across the way, Trinity is a very human, comfortable church. There are always people bustling in and out, sweeping and mending, conferring and rearranging. There was the day the seventy-two year old sexton went bobbing up a swaying ladder to change the lights in the great chandelier. We youngsters below watched breathlessly as his rapt face gleamed in the light against the dizzy perspective of pillars and arches. Trinity is just such a combination of dignity and strange unreality.

But most characteristic is the church when it is quite empty, black and immeasurably vast. A little light gleams on the smooth polished pews and picks out the pulpit and the altar and the candelabra. In the sweet solemn darkness the stained glass windows glow like jewels. Then the organist begins to practise softly — running, liquid notes that grow and fill the whole church with great roaring, thundering, joyous music. The tall pillars vibrate and the still air of the tower is shaken. And as the triumph of the music becomes almost unbearable, suddenly it falls away. At last the "silence surges slowly backward"; and, far away, as from another world, comes the singing hum of a street-car.

Pigeons, Pushcarts and Pastry Shops

or I TEACH IN THE NORTH END

[WINIFRED HEALY]

The North End begins in the Union Street subways where the flower vendor enters to carry six-foot funeral decorations uptown; where damp sawdust trails up the stairs to Haymarket Square to bleach and dry in the morning sun. Each week my pedagogical journey takes me through the subway turnstile, up the iron ribbed stairs onto the open square. The old square is a gigantic, gravel-covered pinwheel around which stream-lined cars, their metal bodies gleaming in the light, endlessly spin to bring to it a modern fleetness. But, now and then, a rumble of wheels over the pavement sounds the approach of a horse-drawn rickety wagon from Blackstone Street and sets the true tempo of the North End. The revolving traffic thins out on the innumerable lanes from the pinwheel which lead into the narrow streets bounded by half-demolished, plaster-smeared buildings, the stark survivors of the wrecking crews. I enjoy the fantastic shapes of these severed buildings. Their windowless walls stand defiant against the taller modern structures. Some mornings send a mist from the waterfront, a haze of smoke and steam from the molasses and macaroni factories. Then the mist-draped buildings lend an opalescent backdrop to the garish panorama spilled into the streets below.

Often as I stand at the curb waiting to bisect the traffic lane, I catch a glimpse of a nine o'clock funeral turning into the square, a chauffered capitalist passes on his way uptown, a truck driver slows down to wave a greeting. I hear a shrill whistle, the screeching of brakes, the clash of bumpers; traffic pauses long enough to allow a throng of office-workers to cross to the subway entrance, long enough to let me begin my journey down Cross Street into the heart of Little Italy.

On days when the sun shines, I look for the picturesque scene peopled by catnip vendors, crab sellers and pigeons. But on cold gray mornings when the frigid dampness

settles in the narrow alleys, these olive-skinned, sun-loving people retire to their back tenements. The streets are strangely silent except for a few men at the fruit stands who pry open their crates of red onions, polish their pomegranates, and argue with their competitors. On warm mornings young Italia emerges from brick tenements to play a game of cards furtively in the doorways before sauntering through the fluttering pigeons to the old school on Moon Street. In the yards of the public gymnasium, I meet a few of my pupils playing hopscotch on webs of colored chalk, while their older sisters, carrying paper bags bulging with Turkish towels and soap, hurry inside to take a shower. It is Thursday, ladies' day at the baths. Black-robed Italian women, hair dripping, skin shining, hustle back to the tenements to fry their peppers and egg-plants; to send their children to school, their husbands off into fishing smacks.

The North End sleeps late. It is noon before she lifts her languid head and adorns herself with fruit, fish and pastry. At mid-day, the mist from the waterfront rises and weird shadows stretch across the rambling streets, slowly creeping up the brick walls; chimneys gut forth smoke; clothes air and dry on fire-escapes; pushcarts, hidden during the night in the dark cellars, now emerge to be heaped high with tangarines, lemons, grape-fruit and green vegetables; filtered sunlight strikes beneath the ells of the old buildings to stir the last sleeping pigeons from their shadowed haunts. Silver sea gulls soar overhead. These silhouetted scavengers look down upon the low flying pigeons that venture to descend now and then to feast upon the gleanings from the shops. The sickening fragrance of almond, with a slight scent of rum, overwhelms me as I pass the open doors of the pastry shops. Their windows are piled high with the morning's baking: a six-storied wedding cake that cracks and crumbles in the afternoon sun, pyramids of almond cakes, mounds of pseudo-fruits made of pastry shells, frosted with colored sugar and filled with yellow cream.

A little boy scurries out of a bakery shop on Salem Street carrying with him a long roll of salami and a gust of air reeking with the smell of cheeses, olive oil, pickled fish and garlic. Dried fish, suspended from the door lintel, dangle beside strings of shriveled hot peppers

and cellophane-covered hams. Behind the dusty windows, moldy, canvas covered cheeses sweat in the mid-day sun; golden cans and amber bottles hold olive oil; macaroni, scalloped, crinkled, and diced, is displayed beside dried gray devil fish whose curled tentacles resemble a petrified octopus. The meat shops exhibit the furry carcasses of rabbits suspended from barrel tops; bloody beef hangs above my head; I dodge frankfurters, arranged in garlands over the doors; I must step aside to avoid the dripping fish trays filled with raw oysters, starfish, snails and flounders. Farther down the street, fruit carts crowd against the curb. The shops, overcrowding onto the sidewalks, make walking practically impossible. In the throng, people stare at me, women in the tenements draw back the curtains to watch me, a stranger in a scene where every face is familiar and everyone is known.

If, after school is out, I pause to stare at men succulently swallowing raw oysters at the fish stands, sly knaves approach me for pennies. They trail behind me as I move down the street offering their services as guides, chanting "The Midnight Ride of Paul Revere" or explaining the intricacies of colonial life in the best manner of the Greyhound bus-driver. If I pause too long, I am besieged by fishermen, bootblacks, newsboys and curious youngsters.

It is then, as an escape from the swarming streets and the monotomy of red brick walls, that I often seek the solace of old Copps Hill Burying Ground. Here, high above the waterfront, I may catch a vista of earth and sky and sea; a few blades of grass which man has not dared smother with pavement. Here among the shadows of the tumbling tombstones, I contemplate my task of bringing beauty, vision, appreciation to these people. Suddenly I realize that beauty is already here; it is vision I must bring. But as I sit alone on the stone bench, twilight descends and my dreams end. The stillness of the graveyard is broken. A W. P. A. man prowls in the tool shed behind me; the elevated roars past, children home from school rollerskate down the historic hill toward the old North Church. My day in the North End is almost spent and soon I make my way back through the lamp-lighted streets to Haymarket Square to leave until another day the raucous glory of Little Italy in the historic North End.

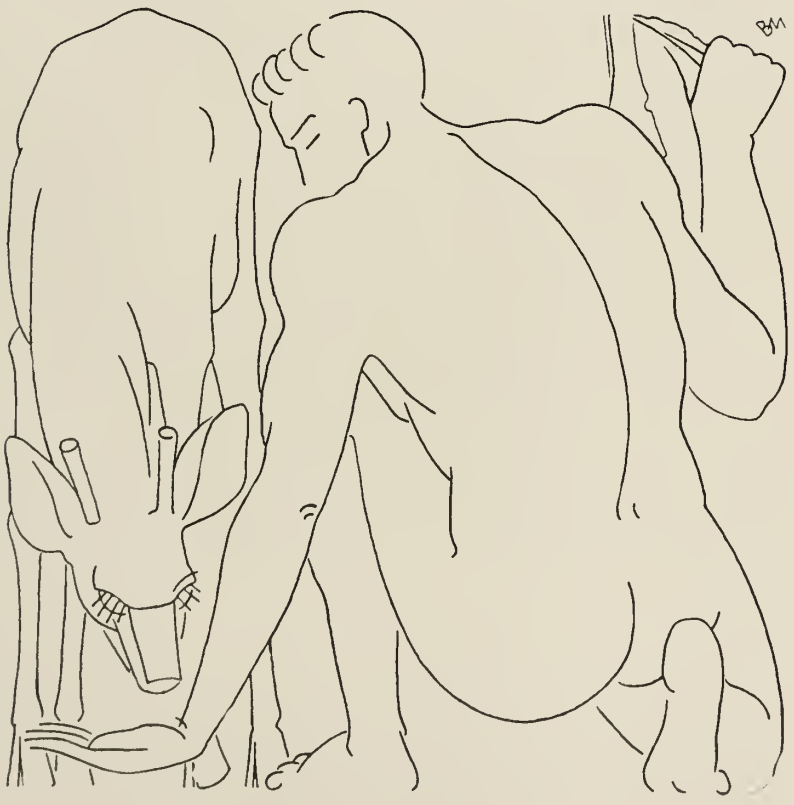
5¢
E. Boston

Can king or wise-man harbor such a gladness
  As the poor artist scratching stone on stone?
Lo, I find beauty in a twisted pattern,
  And limn the light that is so swiftly flown.

O joy of earth, forest and mead and city!
  Behold, I find what angels ache to see.
Beyond all things, to put the chalk to paper
  Seems wondrous rich and power enough for me.

In what bright country has this artist stood
To thin such desolate beauty to a line
Of thorny splendor, catch an attitude
Of pointed hoof and coat like dusty wine?

From out his hand the buck lifts listening eyes,
The fir tree drops its gray cones quietly—
His muted color speaks far lovelier words
Than all the songs of richest poetry.



John Ananis

The Orchestra

[DORCAS O'NEIL]

The orchestra is the one organization in the school which seems to function regularly from September to June. This may be because we realize that our motley assortment of instruments wouldn't produce music without a bit of concentration. So every Wednesday morning at 10.30 finds us a-fiddlin' and a-tootin' about the piano under the dynamic supervision of Miss Pierce, frantically rehearsing a march which is intended to lure all stragglers to assembly. Then, after a fifteen-minute period in which students feebly accompany us with community singing, one from our number usually attempts to make you "forget it all" with a solo. After assembly we continue our rehearsal through the lunchless lunch period.

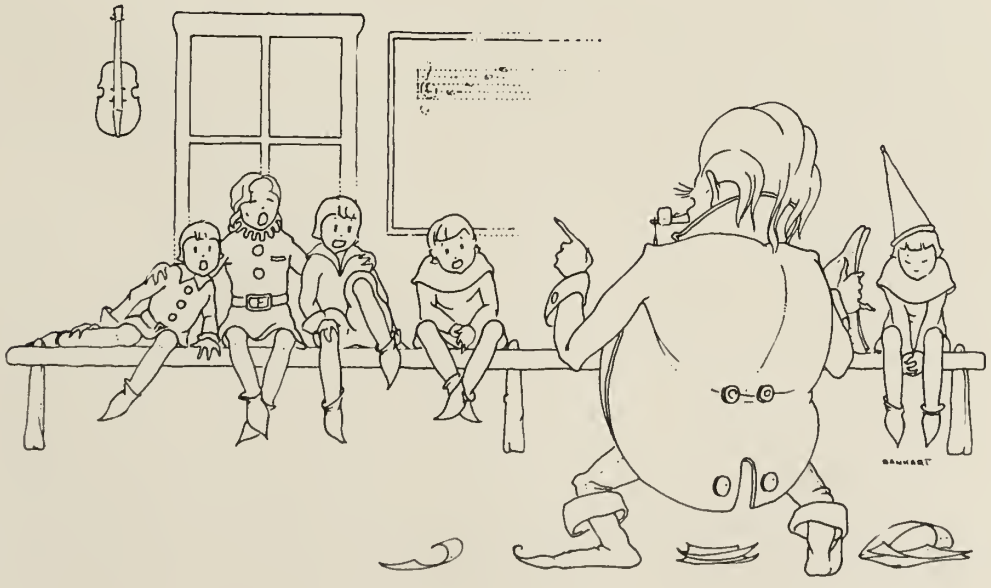
For most of us, orchestral activities are continued through the rest of the week. If you listen closely, as early as 8.30 in the morning, you may hear a stray violin (i.e., Clarry Doore brushing up on his double stops) or a solitary flute thrashing out some of the harder passages in private.

For all this remarkable application we are amply rewarded if you have shared in some of our fire and enthusiasm.

The Glee Club

[REGINALD BANKART]

During the past year the Glee Club has had the good fortune to be under the directorship of Miss Pierce of the Lowell State Teachers College. Filled with a love of music, she has brought a greater appreciation of its possibilities to our entire school, while on Wednesday afternoons the Glee Club has come under her personal supervision for instruction and pleasure in vocal expression. The Glee Club, in conjunction with other musical talent in the school, presented an interesting assembly. A lack of concentrated rehearsal undoubtedly had its effect, but as we progressed we improved and did justice to Miss Pierce's wand-waving and face-making. (The face-making is merely a device on the part of our leader to lift us from our funereal manner.) Rehearsals in themselves are mostly fun, and we have opportunity to sing everything from grand opera to "Three Blind Mice." Although our curriculum does not allow much time for outside affairs, the efforts of Miss Pierce to reach us all with music are greatly appreciated and we hope she may continue to enlarge our musical scope.



"The Swan" Ferenc Molnar

Mascart Theatre

[DONALD MOSS]

The average artist is no less an average man. What better way for him, initiate, to enlarge his scope than through the medium of a sister art? The theatre is the sought-for change of work that strengthens as well as rests. And is it wrong to taste the wine of make-believe, to leave this world of cold reality, to live our dreams, to cull the epitomes of human emotion? That is to feed the imagination with food digested by the ages — to uncover within himself expression of his own experience masked in the livery of other men's fortunes — that is the actor's secret. It is also his reward.

The program of the Mascart Theatre for the 1936–37 season is as follows:

A series of three monthly lectures on the mechanics of dramatic presentation . ROBERT DE LANEY

The Swan . . . . . *Directed by* . . . . . ROBERT DE LANEY

Why the Chimes Rang . . . *Directed by* . . . . . LUCIE YOUNG

The Bathroom Door . . . . *Directed by* . . . . . DONALD W. MOSS

The Worthy Master Patelin . . *Directed by* . . . . . LOUIS GLASSMAN, REGINALD BANKART

Maizie . . . . . *Directed by* . . . . . REGINALD BANKART

The Fencing Club

[EDWARD GOLDMAN]

For those who enjoy the more graceful of the sports, we offer fencing. Be it for love, honor, sport, or just to get that kink out of your shoulder, the fencing club invites you to take a stab at it.

The group, self-taught as a whole (a few have had instruction), carry on their slaughter under the assistance of the most progressive student present during each practice session. Winter saw the painting room the club headquarters, but spring brings the enthusiasts out to show the smokers their style in sword play. May the next season be as successful as this, the third.

Answer to questions: Yes, the little red hearts on the white vests are in the proper place.

Margaret Wilder

Robert Grady

The Sketch Club

[STUART HODGE]

The scrapings from the Sketch Club palette this year make a varied mixture. First of all, the club has offered fine proof of its progress by requiring larger quarters, where our sketches are seen to better advantage. In the sanctity of the north gallery we members hurried monthly to mat and thumbtack our prophetic masterpieces. Here, by means of discussions, the setting of the gallery, and proximity of each other's work, we were able to see the "error of our ways."

The one-man shows of Bob Grady and Ed Goldman gave local color to the picture, while the real center of interest came in the unusually successful annual exhibit.

The club has been ably directed once again by Mr. Philbrick, who carefully guided us in correcting our bad habits and fixing permanently our good ones.

The Magic Club

[MARY YOUNG]

Magic as entertainment dates back to Old Testament days, when magicians interpreted the dreams of the Pharaohs. We read of Faust, with his Mephistophelian assistant and master, in Gounod's opera; of Paracelsus in Browning's poem; of Svengali in "Trilby." Through the centuries to the present have come a line of great masters of magic such as Houdini, Thurston, and Blackstone.

Whether one considers it a place to be entertained, or a place to learn to entertain, Mr. Hoadley's studio is a pleasant one on Thursday afternoon. Perhaps it seems merely an opportunity to learn how to saw one's best friend in two and restore him to one piece in time for dinner.

The majority of those slightly interested become frightened at the necessity for practice and leave the field open for the genuine amateurs. These folks, having once tasted the slightest success in this intriguing science, become its constant devotees. The least trace of bewilderment in the faces of their audiences, and they consider themselves amply rewarded for long hours of rehearsal.

Donald Mackay

Stuart Hodge Marjory Collins Dominick Severino Boniface Soliwocki
Miss Whittier Mr. Porter

The Student Association

[MARJORY COLLINS]

The Student Association, though not precisely a Student Government, is similar in many of its functions. The organization is composed of two inter-related units, the legislative power being vested in the council of the whole student body, and the executive power in the advisory board, consisting of the Association officers, the class presidents, representatives from the various student organizations, and a faculty committee.

Probably the most outstanding accomplishment of the Association this year has been the answer to its problem of a program for the first assembly of the month. A Forum limited exclusively to the students is conducted for the purpose of discussing constructive viewpoints and criticism of the school's activities, with suggestions for improvement. The unanimous desire for a recreation room of some kind has already been partially realized. The furniture and decorations, acceptable at present, will no doubt be improved by succeeding classes.

Art School Associates

[LORNE CRAIG]

The school store gives the students an opportunity to purchase their materials at reduced retail prices. Each year the profits are used for scholarships and student benefits. In 1935 the store moved into a new and larger room and as a result has been able to take better care of the necessary student materials.

David Stearns Louis Vuilleumier Clifford Kinney John Ananis
Clarence Brayton Lorne Craig Spencer Peel

Year Book Staff

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Sophomore Editor	SUSAN RICHERT
Freshman Editor	PETER BELITSOS
Faculty Advisors	MR. PALMSTROM
	MR. PHILBRICK
	MR. JAMISON

The Year Book

Making "The Book" has been an exciting venture not without mishaps for its inexperienced, untried editors. Every page has been created by the ancient trial and error method and is offered up with hopes and misgivings. Realizing that the editors will not be present at a great many of the post-mortems to be held over these pages we ask you, dear reader, to weigh these considerations. An honest attempt has been made to reproduce work that is representative of the school as a whole while maintaining the policy that work created by seniors takes precedence at this time. You and you and you, freshmen, sophomores, juniors, will all be here for another try next year. . . . Perhaps you will notice that, as in the preceding years, designs and decorations have been made especially for "The Book." As some of this work is not signed, we commend to your attention Warren Spaulding's energetic dust wrapper, Clifford Kinney's "ultra" cover design, Bette Magnuson's sensitive decorations for Joan Drew's poem, and Victor Sindoni's masterful linoleum cuts.

Phyllis Preston Mary Van Duyne Carol Bettinger Theodore Meinelt

The Craft Guild

[CAROL BETTINGER]

The Craft Guild is the latest organization of the Student Association, the purpose being to further the interest of crafts among the students. The meetings are held every second Monday in the month, at which time the members have a chance to exhibit their work, to receive a criticism, and to watch well-known Boston craftsmen demonstrate their art. An exhibition of summer work will be held in the fall. Miss Phillips is the guiding light of the guild and members are made up from all the classes.

DORIS OBER

DECEMBER 25, 1915 — FEBRUARY 17, 1937

CHARLES EDWARD NEWELL

President of M.S.A. State Director of Art Education

The personification of genial diplomacy and calm executive ability, Mr. Newell guides our destinies with artistic definition. His office, the gleam of metal, three roses floating on clear water, color of tapestry, glowing paint on great canvases, light through stained glass, will always be for us a quiet place where beauty is.

FREDERICK M. WILDER

Dean and Registrar

Our "best friend" has all our case histories at his finger tips and is always willing to give us the "benefit of the doubt." Whether one goes to his office voluntarily or "by request," he is welcomed by a smile of kindness and leaves with just a bit more confidence in himself and others.

FRANK LEONARD ALLEN

Head of Design Department

An esthetic Marco Polo, a subtle compound of Eastern atmosphere and philosophy with Western speed and precision. Whatever his designs, from Boston to Boothbay, he somehow miraculously finds time to carry them out.

J. MACE ANDRESS

Psychology

Despite the brevity of our acquaintance with this enthusiastic Thoreau, the vivid presentation of his course in "happy successful living" has opened doors for us through which we intend some day to enter.

RICHARD ANDREW

Life Drawing and Painting, Artistic Anatomy

Here is one American who does not shy at knee pants. Consistently and independently individual, Mr. Andrew rejuvenates our interests with his buoyant enthusiasms. Sandwiched between instructions in anatomy, painting, and etching, he offers an inexhaustible source of odd information on any subject that arises.

ETHEL G. BARTLETT

Elementary Drawing, Water-Color Painting

A rose of old England — motherly, wholesome, capable, combining genuine inherited talent with boundless energy, she has been so successful in building up her water-color department that she can leave it with pride. Freshmen students gasp as she rescues their crude water-color attempts with a few deft strokes.

ZELLA BUCKINGHAM

Elementary Drawing, Oil Painting

A clear blue of grace and dignity worthy of emulation. She imparted to us as Freshmen some of her vital, suppressed energy, while efficiently and conscientiously pointing out the right way in charcoal and oil.

THERON L. CAIN

Elementary Drawing, Perspective, Civic Art, Instrumental Drawing

Quietly and unassumingly, Mr. Cain teaches us the fundamentals of perspective and mechanical drawing. Occasionally he slyly demonstrates that, hiding behind that neat array of T-squares, triangles, and instruments, he has a keen appreciation of music and of all the Fine Arts.

MURIEL COX

Costume Design

Designing advocate for effortless poise, good humor, good grooming and good taste, Miss Cox, more by example than by precept, leads her proteges into the intricate maze of "haute monde."

CYRUS E. DALLIN

Modeling

A veritable "leather-stocking" in his younger days, he still loves archery and trout-fishing; always searching for something new, such as the sincerity of Van Gogh, "Cyrus the Great," whose glorious ability gave us much famous Indian sculpture, the little-known Arm and Hammer of the Mechanics Building, and the recently unveiled statue of Paul Revere, guides our unaccustomed fingers in making the clay round and building it up.

MARTHA M. FLINT

Costume Design and Pattern Drafting

The quest for everlasting youth has been attained by one who has found the fountain ever faithful. Miss Flint's unique ability to costume a pageant out of nothing at all at a moment's notice has endeared her to the whole student body.

E. WILBUR DEAN HAMILTON

Still-Life Painting and Composition

A truly distinguished artist, "Hammy," with his black glass, yardsticks, cobalt violet, eye tests, and yarns of the Ecole, shows us how to "do it with a whewww————!" Believing we all have potential possibilities he makes us feel "warm or cool, light or dark" until we finally produce something that hints at intelligent painting.

EDWIN A. HOADLEY

Design, Dynamic Symmetry, Drawing, Composition

"And so it goes." A class of Freshmen sits agog again as Mr. Hoadley flits with the greatest of ease from abracadabra to bricklaying, touching on dynamic symmetry, perspective, colonial architecture, botany, Japanese art, hypnotic suggestion, blackboard illustration, or tennis form en route with a pun or two tucked in for good measure.

WALTER W. JAMISON

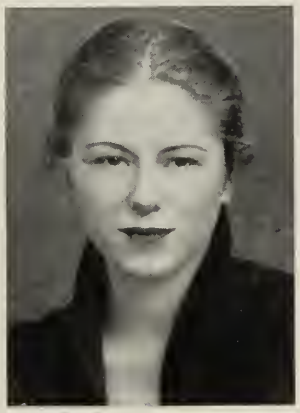
English Composition and Literature

Always interested in our well-being, eager to help us build our bodies as well as our minds, Mr. Jamison strives passionately to tear away the fold that blinds us to our own shallowness. In seven-league boots he carries us over the mountain-peaks of literature and through the stoicisms and Epicureanisms of nineteenth century English poetry as easily and as joyfully as he guides us on the "Holy Pilgrimage."

ALBERT STEARNS KENDALL

Architecture

While initiating Sophomores into the mysteries of the blueprint and the Doric order, Mr. Kendall finds time to stroll into our painting classes, hoping to discover more talent in our canvasses than we demonstrated as he was boosting us over the high spots in our brief but enjoyable course in architecture.



BARBARA KESSEN

Costume Design

During Miss Kessen's absence her place has been filled by Miss Priscilla Harding, the smart one who gains entrance to the private collections of La Hawes and Bonwit Teller's, who makes clothes for "the" people of Boston, does surprising things for our junior costume designers.

EMMA LENNON

Design

With a flashing smile and disarming savoir faire, Miss Lennon manages exhibitions and designers. Her own flair for the unusual inspires her classes to produce unusually fine work.

ERNEST L. MAJOR

Composition, Advanced Drawing and Painting

"Fasting and prayer! Fasting and prayer!" "Are you making good ones?" The "Old Man" and his explosive exhortations are an M.S.A. tradition. Squired by Olaf, he champions the old school, the industrious silence of L'Academie Julien, and Donald Duck. Admonishes us to draw only the shapes of the lights and the shapes of the darks. Confides to us that "beauty is truth intensified."

LAURIN H. MARTIN

Metal Crafts

Under the skillful direction of this amiable Vulcan, the storm of hissing, sawing, and filing in the metal-crafts room resolves into myriad creations of utility and charm.

ELLA MUNSTERBERG

Art History

The essence of an Egyptian orchid, casting pearls with Pickwickian twist, quietly intriguing, with a background of rare culture, a lover of poetry, pet turtles, and boxes of our "books," competent European guide, she is the "Open Sesame" to boundless treasures of art.

LEO O'DONNELL

General Illustration, Life Drawing

Our mysterious cavalier of the Inverness coat, with a roguish gleam in his eye which soothes the smart of his sometimes caustic though invaluable criticisms. His heaven is a good play seen from $1.65 standing room with a rail just the right height.

PHILIP PALMSTROM

Design

Topnotch designer who regards being in the thick of strenuous competitions as a ceaselessly absorbing adventure. Sensitive to every modern trend, he keeps his classes aware of changing methods of approach. Perhaps his unfailing popularity arises from his obviously genuine interest in other peoples' problems.

OTIS PHILBRICK

Head of Drawing and Painting Department

One of those rare diplomats who passes out painless and stimulating criticism, "If any one came into the room with a mouth like that you would be very much disturbed"; has a fine intellectual background, literary as well as artistic, hence his uplifting talks in assembly; guides us with wise counsel and almost paternal care.

LILLIAN A. PHILLIPS

Crafts

Energetic and loquacious master craftsman, Miss Philips enthusiastically answers all our questions and deftly demonstrates the right way.

RAYMOND A. PORTER

Head of Modeling Department

A versatile monumental modeller, versed in mythology, pageantry, etching, water color, wood carving, he is as familiar with the Seven Hills of Rome as with the caves of the cliff dwellers, — famous for his "Little Willy Stories."

MARY M. RUGG

Costume Advertising and Illustration

Energetic and enthusiastic, Mrs. Rugg teaches the young sophisticates of the costume illustration class what constitutes high style, what the Boston clients want, and proves her success by cheerfully losing her students to the professional world before they graduate.

JOHN SHARMAN

Painting

A personal touch with raw umber, a way with obstinate brushes, he so simplifies drawing that its complexity baffles us. The student doesn't quite realize the value of his constructive instruction, relieved by sly whimsies, until he is without its inspiration.

FRED THOMPSON

Elementary Drawing and Designs

In his subtle, unobtrusive, definite way "Tommy" brought out, with infinite patience and infinite understanding, the best designs in us. Setting as examples the "unattainable" work of previous classes, we were inspired to "go ourselves one better."

LILAH M. VAUGHAN

Sociology

A bustling bit of auburn hair, always adorned with the latest style hat, full of wit and subtle remarks. Her lectures are amusingly interspersed with new slants on divorce, marriage, and problems of society.

EFFIE B. WHITTET

Librarian, Library Methods

Not content with being the skillful custodian of a peculiarly intricate library, she takes a deep interest in every school activity, searches for incoming talent, and watches our development from Freshman Week through graduation.

AMY R. WHITTIER

Head of Teacher Training Department

Teacher par excellence, not only cheerful and patient, but also a modern instructor who, without pushing, inspires one to push himself. With a firm foundation in creative art, both ancient and modern, she would be equally at home in the Trojan Horse or the Lincoln Zephyr.

ISABELLA T. DAMRELL

School Secretary

The quiet, friendly lady who keeps the atmosphere of the president's "sanctum sanctorum" as well ordered as her shiny desk top.

EILEEN McMULLEN

Dean's Clerk

A bright yellow light off a dark corridor — with a cheerful twinkle, a snatch of song, Eileen can quickly find you information about any one in any class.

MARGARET C. WOLAHAN

Bookkeeper, Stenographer

"N.Y.A. checks in yet?" A feminine lost-and-found department, M.S.A.'s bookkeeper is never too preoccupied to give us hope concerning our lost keys and whatnots. Have you noticed the "lift" a Wolahan smile carries?

Joan Drew

Estelle Beehner

The Senior Drawing and Painting Department

[ESTELLE BEEHNER]

Looking back over four years at Art School we recall with wistful amusement the struggles which accompanied the slow development of skill with brush and pencil, the growing pains in changing tastes and opinions, the gradual training of mind to a broader outlook on Life and Art. We remember the difficulties of trying to reconcile the instructions of one teacher with the definitely opposite advice of another, of selecting from their stores of information and experience that which would be most useful to us, and of choosing from all the beloved mediums the one best suited to us.

Inspired by Mr. Andrew to draw in volumes, to get away from the conventional in painting, and to change the color every time the value changes; prodded and scolded by Mr. Major into acquiring a reverence for the old Dutch masters, an abhorrence of outlines, and an appreciation of the value of magenta light; disillusioned by Mr. O'Donnell as to the artistic taste of publishers, the ease of doing clever, scrawly drawings, and our ability as illustrators; always encouraged by Mr. Philbrick to think that we are improving and so to do our best to keep his good opinion; we have learned a great deal from our instructors, and from each other as well.

Most of us find that our highest aim in life is not fame, fortune, or position, but happiness, and the way to that for us will always lie in drawing and painting.

Newspaper Row

Margaret Elder

Mission Church

Warren Spaulding

PAULINE ALPERT

Pauly, a bundle of magenta emotions in a restless little body under a curly black mop, who idolizes Pavlowa and Shankar, revels in alizarin crimson and Prussian blue, and is famous for "Cherry Blossoms" and hard rolls.

ESTELLE BEEHNER

"A violet by a mossy stone half hidden from the eye." Estelle, resembling nothing so much as a youthful Candida, paints masterful canvases with untemperamental calm, looks equally fascinating in ski pants or black velvet, and is our authority on how to live. Shevis is a lucky fellow.

ESTHER BOSTON

The D.P.s had to have one sophisticated, well-dressed girl-friend, and our nickel-plated jonquil is it. A farm girl in private life, Esther's present hobby is raising adorable ducklings from zoo eggs. She'll be a success in New York next year.

HARRIET CUSHMAN

Silver and sand-color in vermilion smock — a Holbein drawing with a curly nose — simple, sane, and silly — that's Harriet. Everything she starts is carried through to a successful finish whether it's an oil-painting, the 1936 Year Book, or marriage to David.

JOHN EAGER

Johnny is our tall class mechanic, tapper, drummer, skipper of an 18-foot sailboat, and whistler of popular tunes in class. He interprets the Yankee farmscape in oils on linen canvas.

MARGARET ELDER

A lovely, blue-green pastel, Mr. Major's "big, beautiful, blond," "Peggoty" despairs of etching-ink hands, exhibits prints in Philadelphia, loves Rembrandt, Peggy Bacon, and buttercrunch.

ROBERT GRADY

Sky-blue, raw carrots, sunshine color, and Nahant. Bob is always absent on the first day of the trout season, makes delicious fish-chowder, does side-splitting imitations of well-known people, paints, thinks, dreams, breathes, landscapes, and even eats it.

STUART HODGE

The "Deacon" has a delightfully dry way of drawling humorous remarks at the psychological moment, an endearing smile, and a habit of wearing coat and vest in class. He works faithfully and steadily, never knows when he's making a good one, and is always making out a check for some student project.

MARIE MacDONNELL

Lavender, orchid, and rose-color. Marie walks like a princess but makes a dream of sponge cake, draws charming illustrations of and for children, reads books, has a lovely serious smile.

DORCAS O'NEIL

"The fair Dorcas," hiding an orange temper under a gamin grin, usually worrying about something or other, earned the title of "Old Faithful" from the faculty because she can always be counted on to furnish music for assemblies at a moment's notice.

FLORENCE REED

Reminiscent of goldenrod and hemlock trees, Flossie bounces into class with hair full of woodsy specimens and hands out paint rags and impish smiles in return for apples and affection. Paints the "Cape" in an unacademic manner. Can't work unless she's wearing the right color.

WARREN SPAULDING

That rich bass, booming part of Beethoven's seventh through the corridor, comes as a surprise from our big pink-and-white-chuckle-chops, but Dan'l has always been a person of parodoxes and sometime it's a pair of girls. Does clever work, when he works.

MARGARET WILDER

Immense brown eyes rolling impudently under blond curls — strong lights and shadows in brilliant water colors, celebrated for her Snuggle-bug, knitting, and salad (with nuts).

PAUL WILSON

Paul is the lad who every now and again amazes loiterers about the auditorium door by crashing out a Cesar Franck symphony. The anxious expression is due to the disastrous effects of having divided his loyalties between design and drawing and painting.

KENNETH CAMPBELL

By nature a blustering cave-man, by vocation an authority on tempera painting, Kenny is the fond possessor of the largest collection of brushes, books on how to do it, and unfinished portraits of red-heads, in the Senior class. He thrives on information, guffaws, and milk.

Ruth Sawyer

General Design

[SIGNE TORBERG]

"Oh, you study art. Well, just what phase of it are you studying? What do you hope to do when you graduate?" This and similar queries, I think most of us will agree, have been put to us frequently during these four years. And then it is that one has hesitated and tried, vainly, to state clearly just what it is for which he is striving; what that mysterious word "designer" really means. Webster's New International reveals that, among other things, "to design is to give lasting expression to an ideal; design is thought, purpose or intention as revealed in the wise correlation of parts or in the adaptation of means to an end." This definition, it would seem, depicts the designer as a matter-of-fact, common-sense individual who has his feet very much on the ground, even though he of necessity must have his head somewhat in the clouds; for he is fundamentally an idealist with dreams of a perfect world of redesigned objects all credited to his ingenuity and artistic abilities.

The range of the "general designer" is broad — he can and will increase the profits of any firm by improving its advertising campaigns with his refreshing and novel ideas. No problem is too great for him: posters, billboards, broadsides, folders, magazine advertise-

ments; he has ideas for all and, what is more, he actually understands the trade terms halftone, engraving, line cuts, 120-line screens, mats, four-color processes, offsets, and innumerable other bewildering expressions.

He can and will redesign any packaged product so as to increase its sales overwhelmingly; he will redecorate your apartment or house and not only make it livable but a symphony of color and textures, expressing modernity to the most minute detail. Or, if you prefer, he will make a perfect reproduction of the room in which Louis XIV slept or Queen Elizabeth dined.

But whatever the designer is called upon to do, he will never regret the four years of patient toil spent in developing his aptitude for art, great or small, for it has taught him how to live and how to enjoy the finer things of life, which are unchanging through the years.

Annette Titlebaum

Betty Droney

Charlotte Comins

SELMA BINDBEUTEL

Gay as a holiday . . . cadences of spontaneity and laughter, tempered with self-assurance, progressiveness, and ingenuity.

HELEN CHELLAND

Lithe fawn with horns of honey frost, weaves a brocade of beautiful designs from the golden mist of high-flung standards.

CHARLOTTE COMINS

Little blond bunny sits on a suitcase gravely punning. A humorous twist to a novel package — ah! that Comins woman's put one over on us again.

ELVIRA CULOTTA

Interrogative simplicity, like cypresses in Venetian gardens. Elvira has a gift of "knowing what they want," and doing it, with a neat classic accent on modernity.

BETTY DRONEY

Spicy scarlet geraniums blanketing a reservoir of versatile and clever ideas. Efficient business woman . . . originator of captivating necktie boxes garnished with shiny fruit.

LILLIAN HALL

Lee walks in beauty, spanning the many-colored days with lissom serenity. Classmates extol her unflinching poise and steadfastness.

NORMA HEWITT

Garlands of violets and pink chiffon to a gracious lady with unerring good taste. Delineator of the uncommon facets of common things.

DONALD MacKAY

Keen young mentality . . . discriminating standards and a crisp sense of humor. Does amazing things with "nothing up my sleeve," or with paint, ink, and ideas.

BEATRICE MAGNUSON

Elusive Bette, restless nomad . . . indifference spangled with smiles. A designer to the stark horizons.

GERALDINE MURDOCK

Jerry has a tempo with a lilt, and a portfolio brimming prophetically . . . dynamic jauntiness with a zest for life and a gift for living.

RUTH SAWYER

Amusing dramatic vignettes of what the Scotty did, portrayed with charming verve. Ruthie always solves the problem, and with infinite finesse.

ANNETTE TITLEBAUM

A photograph by Steichen . . . impeccably groomed, smooth tailored gray and mulberry, with accents of hammered copper. Distinction is the word for Annette.

SIGNE TORBERG

Modern Viking of earnest intelligence, thoughtfully tying on a mask of pixie eyebrows over sea-blue modesty.

MARION HUBBARD

Diligent patience, dependability, and irrepressible enthusiasm crystallize in joyous planes of clean, careful colors.

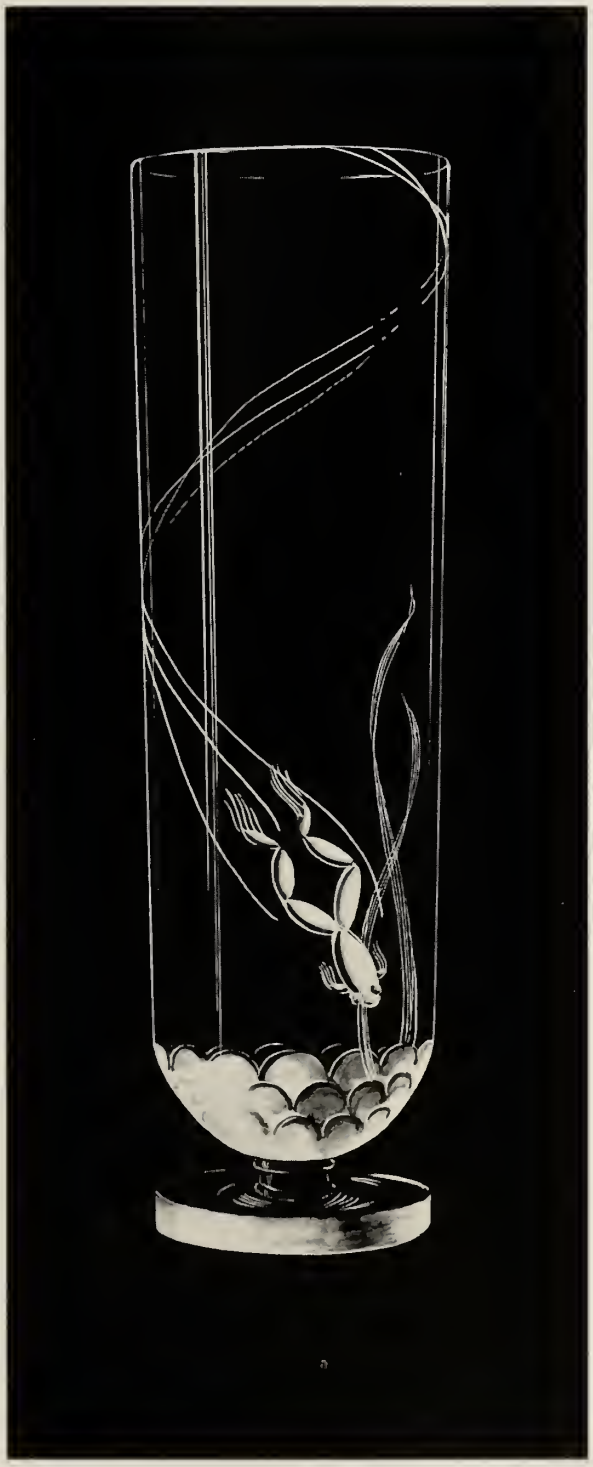
LUCIE YOUNG

Dresden China figurine energetically flourishes a sheaf of Mascart scripts and vanishes in an arabesque of spectrum yarn. Designs with definite, pastel refinement.

FOSTER NYSTROM

Dexterous Dapper Dan. Generous possessor of the most opportune first-aid kit in captivity for colleagues who forget to bring stuff. Connoisseur of haberdashery and plastics.

Foster Nystrom



Beatrice Magnuson

Ruth Sawyer

Design based on an authentic Turkish jacket ... Dress of sheer woolen with border design of jacket repeated on hem of skirt...

Phyllis Kendrick

Senior Costume Design

[DOROTHY GILLIS]

Two years ago we were ushered into a new world! A confusing place where brown paper, gray paper, long T-squares, and blue pencils, pins, needles, and very odd-looking forms vied with breast scales, waist scales, and dashing debs in pen and ink, for our wide-eyed, distracted attention.

After the first month of new teachers, new friends, new subjects, patterns and illustrations, we emerged, still rather dazed, in new skirts. After the skirts came blouses, dresses, coats, suits, and evening gowns. Lo, soon we were called the "best dressers" of M. S. A., and girls from other classes eyed us speculatively when we passed down the corridor. How we gloried in it! But few of us could keep up that reputation every day in the week, and much to the consternation of our good teachers, who thought their hard work had gone to naught, there were always one or two of us at some time or another in old skirts, saddle sport shoes and baggy sweaters.

We remember with pleasure Miss Kesson, whose success at an age hardly more than our own brought her our fullest admiration and respect. It is impossible to say how much we are indebted to Miss Flint, a tiny person, but so efficient! To our criterion of smartness, who made us cut our hair and keep it brushed — Miss Cox — we owe our thanks and our much improved grooming. Appreciation we owe Mrs. Rugg, who struggled nobly to make high-style illustrators of us.

Now, ready to leave, we realize sharply the grand times we have enjoyed these last four years. We took so much for granted, nestled safely in the security of going to school, that the uncertainty of the coming year is a bit appalling. Our future is just as confusing as Art School was four years ago, but if we could succeed then, so shall we now!

EVELYN ADAMS

A wife of truth, innocence, and love is the prettiest flower a man can wear next to his heart.

Bermuda bound to return to a rose-trellised cottage, home and hubby paramount.

SHIRLEY BARTON

Artfully her fingers feel the lines that perfection might come forth.

Fame, fortune and scarlet pajamas in a Park Avenue penthouse.

VIRGINIA BUGBEE

A woman's chief glory is said to be her hair.

A snappy come-back and an apartment in the center of things keep this little redhead on her toes.

FEHRN DIRKMAN

See where she comes, apparell'd like the Spring.

A first-nighter, orchids on her arm, and five — no less — beagle hounds.

HARRIET FARQUHAR

Such harmony in motion, speech and air, that without fairness, she was more than fair.

Tea at the Ritz, twin silver foxes and Elizabeth Arden's "Blue Grass."

FLORENCE FILENE

Her words, like so many airy and nimble servitors, trip about her at command.

A smart young executive who always hires M.S.A. graduates for assistants.

DOROTHY GILLIS

Thy voice is sweet, as if it took its music from thy face.

Smart and crisp, stylist and lecturer par excellence.

JUNE GOLDMAN

A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance.

Pocket-sized Venus with the arms.

ALICE JIGARJIAN

Kindness in her is the honey that blunts the sting in the unkindness in others.

Haute couture with a difference.

EMILY KELLEY

The gift of fascination, the power to charm when, where, and whom she chooses.

Scads of phone calls to bridge the hours between business and more business.

ADELE KELMAN

Laughing cheerfulness throws sunlight on all the paths of life.

Vivacity on the beach at San Malo.

PHYLLIS KENDRICK

Fortunate is she who at an early age knows what Art is.

Scanning the pages of *Vogue* and *Harper's* we recognize many of her smart illustrations.

MARJORIE MITCHELL

And in her petite self boundless, knowledge lies hidden.

Station WEAF's newest fashion commentator at the mike.

RUTH PERKINS

With graceful nonchalance she greets the world.

The reward of all good little stylists is innumerable trips to Paris.

MARGUERITE PERRY

Silver mists of soft music and tinkling laughter.

A truly adventurous and courageous girl with a way with her, is our vivacious, vibrant, versatile Peg!

EFFIE POOLE

If this gray world had but more of thy sweet understanding.

Costumes for the Bluebloods of Boston at Chez Poole.

RUTH TURNER

Her fingers flew and from the remnants emerged the design divine.

Enfant terrible; ingenue of the industry.

VIRGINIA VARTEBEDIAN

All light and smiles and frolicsome as the young swans — how pert that girl was!

Youth by the yard, a la Gladys Parker.

JANICE WILLIS

Beneath her languid air there smoldered volcanoes of achievement.

Magnolias in the moonlight below the Mason-Dixon.

CLAIRE STRAUSS

Her skin was alabaster, her eyes twin pools of azure.

College days by proxy through the vivacious illustrations of this talented miss.

Phyllis Kendrick

Courtesy of Wm. Filene's Sons Co.

Shirley Barton

Teacher Training

[DOMINICK A. SEVERINO]

At last we find ourselves close upon the shining goal whose luminosity has lighted our existence for years past. The light no longer beckons, it is here. Behind us is the long uphill road, twined with many pleasant by-paths we have known, and our guiding beacon becomes, not a solitary flame, but a glowing reflection of other more distant lights, far ahead on the road we are destined to travel.

Boldly we must take the road, and, with all the knowledge and experience we have thus far gained, make our way farther through inviting landscape, reaching one by one our guiding lights, until some distant day shall find us on the horizon, listening to the music of the spheres.

Are we disappointed because our light was but a reflection of other lights? On the contrary, while we were toiling and playing up the hill, we learned many things, but never became too conscious of them. We arrive at the top still pulsing with curiosity and enthusiasm, in itself bright testimony to the effectiveness and foresight of our teachers and their chief, Miss Whittier. For is it not the ultimate aim of all good teaching to open the mind and leave there a wholesome, questioning attitude, which will lead to self-realization?

We are proud to say, then, that our greatest achievement during the last four years, and a splendid accomplishment of our teachers, has been the development of this attitude of open-mindedness. May we take our places in our chosen field and strive to develop a native culture and a sympathetic understanding of the creative efforts of our children and fellow-men.

Paul Revere House — Winifred Healy

DOROTHY BABCOCK

Fortune truly helps those who are of good judgment.

IRENE BENNETT

In framing an artist, art hath thus decreed,
To make some good, but others to exceed.

CAROL BETTINGER

Wisdom alone is true ambition's aim,
Wisdom the source of virtue, and of fame,
Obtained with labour, for mankind employed,
And then, when most you share it, best enjoyed.

GILDA BRUNO

Come, sing now, sing; for I know you sing well; I see you have a singing face.

FLORENCE CLARK

I do not know beneath what sky
Nor on what seas shall be thy fate;
I only know it shall be high,
I only know it shall be great.

CLIFTON GAYNE

Necessity and chance approach not me, and what I will is fate.

CLARA GUTZMANN

A cheerful temper joined with innocence will make beauty attractive, knowledge delightful and wit good-natured.

WINIFRED HEALY

Her pencil was striking, resistless, and grand;
Her manners were gentle, complying and bland;
Still born to improve us in every part,
Her pencil our faces, her manners our heart.

HAZEL KERR

Loathing pretense, she did with cheerful will what others talked of while their hands were still.

JOAN KERSULIS

I say that the world is lovely and that loveliness is enough.

PAULINE MAGWOOD

Studious of ease, and fond of humble things.

WILHELMINA MILNE

A wise old owl sat in an oak;
The more he saw, the less he spoke;
The less he spoke, the more he heard;
Why can't we be like this wise bird?

EDMUND MONTMINY

He injects a few raisins of conversation into the tasteless dough of existence.

MARY O'KEEFE

You frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms and lengthens life.

ALICE PAUL

Who is the happiest of men? He who values the merits of others,
And in their pleasures takes joy, even as though 'twere his own.

JANET RICHARDSON

Born for success she seemed with grace to win,
With heat to hold, with shining gifts that took all eyes.

DOMINICK SEVERINO

I do not like the man who squanders life for fame; give me the man who living makes a name.

CAROLYN SHERMAN

Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares.

ANTOINETTE SIENKEIVITZ

You have not converted a man because you have silenced him.

DORIS TEBBETTS

Ambition is our idol, on whose wings great minds are carried.

DOROTHY WORTHLEY

Nature and religion are the bands of friendship, excellence and usefulness are its great endearments.

Winifred Healy

Raymond A. Porter Allison Macomber

Byron Bristol

Elisabeth Philbrick

Modeling Department

[BYRON BRISTOL]

Throughout the year the modeling department has made an effort to combine volume, form, and design into a pleasing composition, influenced by the feeling that the student should strive to design work of a functional or practical nature. How successful have been the efforts of the students, under Mr. Porter and Mr. Dallin, in achieving this is witnessed in the professional character of the studio work, together with the number of outside commissions that have been executed.

Among the better achievements done as school problems are fine decorative panels as well as adaptable monumental figures. The portraits and animal studies are likewise individual and professional. The style and various mode apparent in each student's work reflect intelligent application of his personal effort combined with the careful suggestions of the instructors.

Whenever commercial projects have been undertaken, the results have been most gratifying. The fact that some of the commissioned bas-relief portraits are now actually cast in bronze is conclusive evidence that the students are not only attempting to learn the art of modeling, but proving their ability in professional competition.

Paul Wilson Pauline Magwood Carol Bettinger Marion Hubbard

The Senior Class

[HARRIET CUSHMAN]

By some design of Fate you became a Freshman at M.S.A. in September, 1933, and because Fate is sometimes unkind, the reputation you had enjoyed as an artist suddenly dwindled overnight into obscurity, and with an unwonted humility you took your place among the midgets and mites.

Early days passed swiftly, and you learned not to drop everything; to answer to Miss Bartlett's "Boy" or "Girlie," and that Art is something far more vital than a magazine cover or a charcoal cast drawing.

Smock Day flung wide the gates, and you were "in." You began the struggle. It was a swift hard one, but small successes occasionally spurred you on. Like everyone else, you learned to cut classes; but the Mountain Peaks of Literature would often rise between you and the screen, and Don Quixote rode your dreams at night. At length you learned how to truss up your conscience and lock it in a closet.

Spring came along on a gust of wind, and brought the Freshman Prom with it. You went, as did everyone else, because everyone else went. The night of glitter gave way to a cool Spring day, and you did a "water color" in twenty-six minutes to prove you were almost a Sophomore.

And then you were a Sophomore. Levity disguised your true nature at first, during Freshman Week, but soon the levity washed away and there was your old self back again, in Wordsworth landscapes or Browning mental states, psychoses, neuroses, cast shadows, "nuances," vanishing points, color fringes and the complement of sky-blue-pink. Mr. Cain kept you on the straight and narrow when you weren't trying to "whoop it up" at the other end of the building. The work piled up, and lofty spirits went down. You had contradictory emotions concerning Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley and their contemporaries. Some nights, like Cassiopeia, you were upside down, and some nights right side up. But there were things for courage — a trip to the American Holy Land. In Concord's atmosphere of ageless grace and refinement, where golden words have flowed as brilliantly as the waters of Walden Pond, you felt near to those who had been the "good ones" in literature, and the affinity of their work and yours seemed to make itself plainer than it had ever been before.

The first few cool September days brought you back again to the hard streets, the trains, the buses, the noise and clatter. You became by choice a Designer, a D.P., a T.T. There were the gospels of Mr. Allen, Mr. Philbrick, and Miss Whittier; and through one of these you slaved for salvation. There were Junior design theses to do; there were grubby-fingered "settlement kids" to teach; there was a lot of talk about a head being egg-shaped, and the "action of a necktie."

In September, 1936, you reached the last degree. You — raised to the fourth power — were a Senior! In a few short months you would be out trying to show them that you are a "good one"; and making "pot-boilers" on the side. Thesis work in the air! Again and again in bed at night you saw all that you would have to do before graduation. In that penumbrous half-sleep, when thoughts go racing through the mind, it spread out before you like an arras of jumbled ideas. The drawings, the painting, the frames, the mats, the research, the washes, the lettering, the mistakes, the successes — theses — graduation — the Beginning!

You had seen others go before you. Had the world been kind to them? Would the world be kind to you? In a few years you might know. But just now there is so much to do, and so little time to do it. Every minute becomes at once priceless to you when the glorious opportunities that have been yours for so long are about to be taken away. As we hasten to pass in our final work, our eminent teacher admonishes: "Go the limit, Sal. I'll hold your bonnet!"

Clifford Kinney David Stearns Louis Glassman Claire Wells

The Junior Class

[JOAN DREW]

After galloping through unfenced pastures for two years, the Persian colts found themselves driven into five corrals.

During their Junior year they were astounded, affected, delighted, frightened, fascinated, inspired, amused, stirred, thwarted, restored, taught, repulsed, animated, invigorated, and overcome —

The *Designers* by: prizes from the Advertising Club, air brushes that blow up and lay-outs that lay out, Prom posters, and the sincerity and helpfulness of Mr. Palmstrom.

The *Costume Designers* by: Israel in a tux, dramatic creations for cabbages and kings, and the success of the annual Style Review — honors to Miss Flint.

The *Teacher Trainers* by: silver bracelets, Dr. Vaughan saying, "When I was on board," people like puppets and vice versa, the wisdom of Miss Whittier, and practice teaching.

The *Modeler* by: Mac's dream children, drapery for Sieglinde, Mr. Porter's "adorable" door.

The *Painters* by: Mr. Philbrick's soft-ground etchings and illuminated poses by Mr. Major.

And everyone, all together now, by: the difference between shades and shadows, Miss Munsterberg's "first love," anterior superior crest of the ilium and "love-bugs" from the Prom.

The Sophomore Class

[SUSAN RICHERT]

You may think of the hero of this story as the average art student. Once upon a time a careless youth found a flower in the woods. The ground opened at his feet as he picked it. He was quick to follow the stairs which led down, to try the door he stumbled against . . . and he found himself in a cavern. As his eyes became accustomed to the half-light, he saw that he was in an enchanted place — just such an enchanted place as dawned upon the sight of poor incredulous Ali Baba. The cavern was piled with glinting jewels, bales of rich stuffs, chests of gold pieces, rolls of lustrous carpet.

Now everyone knows that by the rules of the fairy-tale the hero can take with him only as much as he can carry in his pockets, and that once he leaves he may never return. And the youth, realizing this, spent some time in rushing back and forth, filling and emptying his pockets, weighing values and judging worth. All the while a voice (could it have been Mr. Jamison's?) warned him not to forget the best.

In the outside world again, he reaches to touch his reward. But the gold and the pearls are strangely shrunken; he crumbles in his pocket a few dry brown leaves. And the voice whispers that the best was his flower, imprisoned now forever in the enchanted place. For he may not look back, but must go bravely on into whatever may be. The flower, of course, was the one treasure of this world — lightness of heart.

Beatrice Holmes Reginald Bankart Victor Sindoni Susan Richert

Ella Coburn Barbara Lunt Natalie Ashton Earle Rowe

The Freshman Class

[PETER BELITSOS]

A fresh dash of paint spurted on the great palette of this institution as we, the Class of '40, passed eagerly into its life. Huge statues, dynamic personalities, clumsy portfolios, exhibition galleries, oil paints, unapproachable personages wearing hunting pants and escorting canines, kept our bewildered minds in a feverish turmoil until each part of the puzzle began slowly to fit itself into its appropriate place.

The much-coveted Freshman medal was awarded to Aarne Hanninen. On the first Tuesday in November, the following class officers were elected: Ella Coburn, President; Earle Rowe, Vice-President; Nathalie Ashton, Secretary; Barbara Lunt, Treasurer; Frederick Wellsman, representative to the school store; Raymond Andrews, representative to the Student Forum. Our dramatic ability manifested itself in the Mascart production, "Why the Chimes Rang" — the majority of the cast were Freshmen.

We sincerely appreciate the helpful co-operation extended to us by the faculty and upper-classmen during the year. Particularly grateful are we to our class advisors, Mr. Hoadley and Miss Munsterberg, and to our senior advisors. With regret we contemplate graduation day, when the Senior class will leave us to do their part in disseminating "a love for truth and beauty." We will endeavor to maintain their high standards of excellence in our work.

Freshman Favorites

Painter
- *Past* Rembrandt
- *Present* Sargent

Painting
- *Past* Last Supper
- *Present* Whistler's "Mother"

Sculptor
- *Past* Michelangelo
- *Present* Dallin

Sculpture
- *Past* Winged Victory
- *Present* Appeal to Great Spirit

Architecture
- *Past* Parthenon
- *Present* Lincoln Memorial

Illustrator
- *Past* Howard Pyle
- *Present* Rockwell

Cartoonist Disney

Composer
- *Past* Strauss
- *Present* Berlin

Composition
- *Past* Blue Danube
- *Present* Rhapsody in Blue

Opera
- *Grand* Carmen
- *Light* Pinafore

Tragedy Hamlet

Hero in Literature S. Carton

Long Poem Evangeline

Short Poem Trees

Motion Picture Plainsman

Motion Picture Actor Muni

Motion Picture Actress Garbo

Magazine
- *General* Reader's Digest
- *Style* Vogue
- *Art* Art Digest
- *Technical* Popular Mechanics
- *Weekly* Saturday Evening Post

Newspaper New York Times

Myth Cupid and Psyche

Etcher
- *Past* Rembrandt
- *Present* Whistler

Mythological Character Siegfried

Color Blue

Flower Rose

Medium Water Color

Hobby Music

Recreation Swimming

Novelist Dickens

Novel Tale of Two Cities

Short Story Gift of the Magi

Comedy Taming of the Shrew

Heroine in Literature Portia

Biography The Americanization of Edward Bok

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